Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalliest ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the councell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet hee talkt wiſely and in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well, for wiſedom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt done much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: ile be damnd for neuer a kings ſonne in Chriſtendom.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow Iacke?

Falſ. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I do not, call me villaine and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hal*, t'is my vocation *Hal*, t'is no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poines, now ſhall wee know, if Gads hill haue ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, ſtand, to a true man.

Prince Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow ſweete *Hal*. What ſayes Monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? how agrees the diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou foldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cuppe of Medera and a colde Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtandes to his worde, the diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: hee will giue the diuell his due.

Poines.

Poynes. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word w
diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for coſening the diuell,

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by
clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Can
with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fa
I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues.
hill lies to night in Rochel'er, I haue beſpoke ſupper to n
night in Eaſtcheape: we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you
I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes: if you wil not,
home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarrie at home and go n
hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſtie, manhood, nor good fell
in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the blood royall, if thou dar
ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my daies I'le be a madcap.

Falſ. Why that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, I le tarrie at home.

Falſ. By the Lord I'le be a traitour then, when thou ar

Prince. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I
him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall g

Falſ. Well, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, and h
eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue, an
he hears, may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for rec
ſake) proue a falſe theefe, for the poore abuſes of the tim
countenance: farewell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farewell the latter ſpring, farewell Alhollowne ſu

Poy. Now my good ſweete hony Lord, ride with vs to
row, I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone
ſtalffe, Haruey, Roſsill, and Gadshill ſhall rob thoſe men t
haue already way-laid, your ſelfe & I will not be there: and
they haue the bootie, if you and I do not rob them, cut thi
from my ſhoulders.